HIS MAJESTY's

REQUEST.

OUR Gracious Sov'reign condeſcends
T' intreat us once to chuſe His Friends:
Whiggs, *Atheiſts*, *Deiſts*, and *Socinians*,
And Separatiſts of all Opinions,
For the enſuing Parliament;
And we our Choice ſhall ne'er repent:
For He's contriving ſomething Great
For the Support of Church and State.
If we'll but grant this Firſt Requeſt,
He vows, of Kings He'll make the beſt.
He begs we'll never chuſe one Man more,
Such as *Dr---ke*, *W---ham*, *P---ley*, *H----r*:
Their ill Deſigns are underſtood,
Tho' we dull Fools ſtill thought 'em good.
He begs, His Friends may vote in Quiet,
And that there mayn't be any Riot.
He begs ----- But after all; He wou'd
Be very angry, if He cou'd,
Concerning Trade and Navigation,
And the prodig'ous Debts o'th' Nation,
Which He obſerves, are greater far,
Since the Concluſion of the War.
The Reaſon's plain; great Sums are ſent
To little Boroughs, with Intent
To make 'em ſend ſuch glorious Men up,
As *D----port*, *C---gan*, *St-----pe*.
Whate'er laſt Parliament might be,
The Devil's in't, if this ben't Free.

A LITANY for the preſent Year.

FROM all the Miſchiefs I ſhall mention here,
Preſerve us, Heav'n, in this approaching Year.
From Civil Wars, and thoſe uncivil Things
That hate the Race of all our Queens and Kings:
From thoſe who, for Self-Ends, wou'd all betray:
From Saints that curſe and flatter when they pray:
From thoſe that hold it Merit to Rebel,
In Treaſon, Murder, and in Theft excel:
From thoſe New Teachers have deſtroy'd the Old,
And thoſe that turn the Goſpel into Gold:
From a High-Court, and that rebellious Crew
That did their Hands in Royal Blood imbrew,
Defend us, Heav'n, and to the Throne reſtore
The Rightful Heir, *and we will ask no more.*